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AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

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No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1896.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

With the next issue we send the first part of "The Mystery of the Brilliants: or, Mrs. Elliot's Heir," a fascinating story by Edith C. Kenyon and the Rev. R. G. Soans, B.A. Our readers will find this a tale of absorbing interest. It will be followed by "The City of Refuge," by Sir Walter Besant; "What Cheer?" by W. Clark Russell; "Life's Fitful Fever," by Edgar Fawcett, and "The Evil Eye," "Maximum" and "Con Fiocchi!" by Austria's greatest living writer of fiction, Ossip Schubin. These great works will cost the subscribers to the Fortnightly Library about four cents a copy, and after their publication in that form it will be impossible to procure them for less than $1.50 per volume.

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THE HEATED TERM.

The extraordinary features of the recent spell of torridity were its unbroken character, its duration and the extent of the country afflicted by it. It may be said to have begun on Thursday, August 6, and it did not definitely close until Sunday, August 16. The death rate was not only absolutely, but relatively, greatest in the city of New York and its suburbs; but the whole of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains suffered an unparalleled amount of mortality. The number of deaths officially ascribed to sunstroke in and immediately around New York for the ten days ending Saturday, August 15, was about six hundred, and there were also upward up nineteen hundred sunstrokes which, although they were attended with dangerous prostration, were not directly fatal. Many an important battle has been fought, in which the number of deaths and disablements was smaller than the fraction of the inhabitants of New York laid low by the lance-strokes of the sun.

The actual heat recorded in the shade during any part of the heated term fell short of 100° Fahrenheit, a height which has been reached in the past, although the mercury has only remained there for an hour or two. What rendered the recent hot wave so intolerable was the fact that the mercury remained at a high level for many consecutive days and nights, and it was therefore impossible for exhausted nature to obtain relief. The suffering experienced, moreover, was aggravated by the almost uninterrupted presence of an exceptionally large amount of humidity in the atmosphere. We need not point out the effect upon the human body of existence in an atmosphere where the quantity of moisture in suspension approaches one hundred per cent, or, in other words, the point of saturation. Under such conditions, the process of exhalation which normally takes place not only from the lungs, but from every pore of the body, and by which the waste products deleterious to life are incessantly and insensibly removed, is, of course, seriously impeded. The waste-laden moisture thus exuded which, were the air ordinarily dry, would be absorbed by it without our knowledge, is no longer able to escape into the atmosphere, and accumulates upon the skin in the form of beads or drops of perspiration, and thus forms an additional wall against the normal function of the cuticle. This explains the feeling of oppression experienced by the skin, which is precisely analogous to that suffered by the lungs in the case of strangulation.

A little reflection upon the consequences of imperfect exhalation prolonged for many days will make it clear to us that the deaths directly chargeable to sunstroke can represent but a fraction of the mortality due to the recent heated term. It is well known that free perspiration is nature's remedy for fever, but free perspiration is impossible in an atmosphere the temperature of which is nearly that of the blood, and which is already filled with moisture almost to the point of saturation. In a multitude of other maladies, the free and constant discharge of waste products through the pores is a matter of vital importance. Innumerable, doubtless, are the instances where the recent combination of heat and humidity just turned the scale against the sufferers from diseases ranging from consumption to cholera infantum. Such instances, of course, are not recorded in the list of deaths due to sunstroke, but their presence may be detected in the swollen aggregate of mortality attributed to general causes.

Of the deaths immediately due to sunstroke, few, if any, are incurred by those persons whose easy circumstances permit them to remain throughout the day in large, well-shaded and well-ventilated apartments, or the nature of whose avocations does not compel them to work on the sunny side of buildings, or to move in the full blaze of the solar heat. Often, during the long spell of torridity, the thermometer which showed but 94° in the shade would mark 134° in the sun. The latter figures indicate an amount of heat which few persons can bear with impunity, even for a short time. Yet the mechanism of a great city compelled scores of thousands to submit for a considerable period to such deadly exposure. This circumstance, together with the fact that the heat reflected from the walls of buildings materially increases that which would be experienced in an open field, accounts for the comparative immunity of rural districts from the mortality ascribed to hot weather in the large centers of urban population. Yet even those unfortunate workmen in cities, who cannot avoid protracted exposure to the direct rays of the sun, might often avert their fatal consequences if the proper precautions to be taken were more generally known. It should, for instance, be more widely understood by those whose vocations subject them to the peril of sunstroke, that perspiration always ceases for from twelve to twenty-four hours before prostration. A headache usually follows, and the patient, unless he realizes what is the matter with him, and takes measures to ward off the impending attack, becomes unconscious. The truth is that, during a heated term, as soon as a man stops perspiring he should instantly bathe his head in as cold water as he can get. Then he should take a cold bath, and drink water freely at the temperature at which it comes from the hydrant. This will ordinarily produce perspiration; and, after such natural relief has come, the patient should rest for a day or two.

The intense suffering and alarming mortality observed, whenever the thermometer remains for a considerable period above 90° Fahrenheit, enables us to understand why human life, as we know it, would have been impossible in certain conditions of the earth's crust. The amount of unbroken torridity, for instance, which must have existed in the neighborhood of the Equator at the epoch when vegetation, now found only in the tropics, flourished near the North Pole, seems to render it inconceivable that any civilization, such as compels men to perform more or less work in the sunlight, could then have existed south of the Tropic of Cancer. We can imagine, indeed, that even in that epoch, the cool depths of primeval forests were occupied by the anthropoid apes, but we cannot believe that the open valleys were then tenanted by busy men.

Again, the destruction dealt broadcast, whenever the thermometer remains for some days in the nineties, reminds us forcibly how utterly all forms of animal and even of vegetable life are at the mercy of the solar rays. Let the heat of the sun be abruptly and permanently augmented by no more than some 50° Fahrenheit—as, according to a theory once generally received, it might be, through the reception of an unusually large quantity of meteors, or through the absorption of a comet—and who can say that civilization, and, indeed, all the existing races of men, might not be stricken from the earth?

THE SOCIALIST CONGRESS.

The Socialist Congress at Lille has taken place, and been the cause of much turbulence. French and German Socialists met together in anything but a social spirit. Many regrettable incidents occurred.

The Anarchists intervened, and their intervention led to still more serious consequences. The house of the member Delessale was almost wrecked; also the Cafe Deplanche, where the German delegates were lodged. About ten o'clock at night the trouble commenced. For the representation at the Grand Theater a special service of police and gendarmerie had been ordered as a precautionary measure.

Before the theater were ten thousand persons, divided into two camps. On one side the delegates, on the other the patriots. The latter, with the tri-color at their head, marched toward the offices of the *Reveil du Nord*. They were assailed by the Socialists.

On the Grand Place a certain number of officers on the terrace of a cafe assailed the Socialists. A great number of the manifestants were wounded. At one o'clock in the morning the effervescence had not yet calmed down. The gendarmerie on horseback and the troops cleared the streets at the point of the bayonet, dispersed the groups, and made numerous arrests.

THE UGANDA PROTECTORATE.

Mr. Labouchere, M.P., is impartially hostile to every extension, and to almost every recognition, of Imperial responsibilities; but if he has a pet aversion it is the Uganda Protectorate.

The extension of the Uganda Railway is now being discussed in Parliament, and of course Mr. Labouchere is up in arms against it. The bill has been authorized by Government and a vote passed for three million pounds on the railway from Mombassa to the northern shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Our Note Book

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

Pleasant people are pleasant to talk to. But pleasant discourse is not always educational. I have one test by which I measure the value of a new acquaintance. If he says anything I have not heard before, presto! I get out the grapples and the hoops of steel. If he doesn't. Bonjour.

That may sound summary, and I hope it does. If I may venture to speak at further length of myself, I will state that to me boredom is the phantom of pain. I avoid it when I can.

A bore buttonholed Sydney Smith.

"What is going on?" he asked.

"I am," said Sydney.

He did, and the retort has gone on with him. "The value of life," said Goethe, "is self-improvement." So it is, but the secret of popularity consists in listening with Cheshire cat interest to things which you know by heart, to things nonsensical on the face of them, to platitudes and barometrical reports. Personally I prefer self-improvement to popularity—a preference which was gratified in full yesterday afternoon. Raum Pasha was good enough to tell me about the Sphinx, good enough to provide me with a new vista and a large amount of food for thought.

Raum Pasha—Colonel Raum for short—has, as all the world is aware, been digging about the Pyramids of Ghizeh. A few months ago he made a find; incidentally there came heat similar, yet not worse, than that which visited New York a few days since, in its wake the cholera, and for the time being work was of necessity postponed.

Previously this is what he had done. He made formal application to excavate in and around the second pyramid and Sphinx, and, after stating his object, proving his ability to do the work, permission was granted.

Aided by a hundred Arabs, he then began removing the sand which ages have strewn about the Sphinx, cleaned out the open temple located between its forepaws, and there found a portion of the Sphinx's missing crown—a crimson tiara on which was carved the disk of the sun, three lotus flowers and a horned serpent. This portion, which Colonel Raum estimates as being one-fourth of the original headpiece, was four feet six inches in breadth and two feet eight inches in height.

When had it fallen? And why had it fallen? These are questions you must ask yourself. In the desert there is but silence. In the eyes of the Sphinx an unanswering stare. But somewhere in her heart is the secret of the enigma of a mystery over which the world has brooded in vain.

"I am guarding it," she seems to say.

It was that Colonel Raum was after. He found in her body a square, perpendicular shaft, three and a half by three and a half feet wide, cut in the solid rock and in which there were steps. This he cleared out, followed down, when, at the depth of thirty feet, it widened out and two passages led off, one to the north, one to the south. But the shaft sank yet lower to a door blocked by stone.

The passage to the north leads to a temple, still buried, while the one running south leads to an alabaster chapel which stands a short distance away.

It was the door blocked by stone which he wanted to open when the heat came, and the cholera, too. What do you suppose is behind it? The archives of prehistoric Egypt. The story of the beginning of years, of the floods that preceded the deluge, of the perihelion of planets and of the ages that rolled between. They are written there on stone, swathed perhaps in the cerements of kings. They are the records of life and of time.

Wasn't it a pity that the heat came and the cholera, too? But no matter, in a few months, next winter or next spring, we will have them. The Sphinx will give up her secret at last. But it will have been dug from her very heart.

Colonel Raum told me that from indications of which he submitted a report to Edison, both are agreed that at an epoch contemporaneous to the construction of the Sphinx, the Egyptians lighted their subterranean halls with electricity. Why not, since they had the telephone? Why not, since they had a magnificence from which the Aztecs derived the marvel of their own?

Behind that door perhaps is not alone the history of the lost Atlantis and of the unknown Orient, but of the unknown Occident as well—of the empires that existed on this continent before Columbus and the reign of Spain.

It is a far call from Cairo to Fleet Street, but the subject started there a few weeks since on the subject of promiscuous bathing has its echoes still. James B. Townsend, the semi-summer Saunterer of *Town Topics*, has stated in the *Herald* that he sees no impropriety in it. Why should he? And even otherwise, who cares? Besides, the question of propriety is absurd. In communities where the sexes are separated in church they ought to be separated in the water. In communities where women are kept under lock and key it would be impolitic to let them loose in the waves. But anywhere and everywhere else men and women might just as well bike apart and dance apart and for that matter eat apart as swim apart. Impropriety when it exists comes of separation. There is no civilized country in the world where intercourse between men and women is freer than in our own, and there is not one in which the standard of propriety is higher. In Europe it is considered improper for an unmarried woman to stroll in a crowded thoroughfare with a man who is not her brother. And even then, such is gossip that young women of the higher class, aware that persons who knew them may not know their brothers, avoid so much as the appearance of being with an unidentified man. All the same that maxim of Tartuffe applies very well over there:

> "C'est le scandale du monde qui fait l'offense
> Et ce n'est pas pécher que pécher en silence."

There was a great hue and cry sometime ago on the subject of biking. It was alleged to be improper for young people to bike together. But it is precisely the reverse. Young people who go careering about the country meeting with accidents, taking croppers, acquire of each other a comprehension such that sentimentality becomes ludicrous and impropriety out of the question. But so arrange that any interviews that they may have are stolen, frowned down and forbidden and at once they become sentimental as ballads, anxious to elope and the Lord knows what besides.

It is just the same thing with swimming. At every watering-place on the coast, save for shoes and hats, young women are as elaborately garbed for the dip as they are for the bike. And supposing young men are bare-kneed. What people are more rigid than the Scotch, yet witness the Highlanders.

There is no healthier exercise, nothing in which there could be less sentimentality and less impropriety than two young people swimming together at some such place, let us say, as Narragansett Pier. What may occur in the Southern Pacific, or among the half-breeds in the Florida lagoons, I for one neither know nor care; but among people properly brought up impropriety exists, if at all, only in the minds of others.

Miss Bessie Marbury has been so nonsensically paragraphed that even without the permission which I have not had the chance to ask I would like to give her picture in profile. It may be of use to reporters.

When this young gentlewoman was a kid there may have been prettier girls in New York, but I never saw them. I think it impossible for any one to look more like spring than she did. Therewith she had the biggest dogs you ever saw. Socially she was a prime favorite. She possessed in its perfection that untranslatable quality which the French have dubbed *le desir de plaire*, and which is not a desire but an instinct. She charmed. However uninteresting you might be she took such interest that you became interesting to yourself. She was supremely curious. She read everything, talked with every one, went everywhere. Unless I am mistaken, she wrote verses, painted in water-colors and learned how to fence. She was the ideal heroine for a novel. Then presently she wearied. I have seen it stated in the papers that she was in what it is euphemistic to term "reduced circumstances." That is all nonsense. With the satiety which society will induce there had come to her the apperception of broader fields. Had she been a man she would have gone into politics. Had she been merely a woman she might have opened a milliners' shop. But this Diana of a later day cared as much for fashions as you do for frills. She wanted something with action in it, and by a perfectly natural process she bethought herself of plays. That was seven or eight years ago. To-day she has headquarters in New York, a branch office in London, another in Paris, a third in Berlin. She is the intermediary for all playwrights and managers, a blessing to both, a boon to each. What her profits are concerns no one but herself. The point is not alone that she has opened new possibilities for women, but that she has shown what a New York society girl can do when she feels like it.

In the August number of the *National Review* an "Editor" addresses some observations, not to practiced writers of course, but to the casual or uninvited contributor "who complains," and who asserts that "not to answer a civil letter on business is at once ill-bred and unbusiness-like whether the recipient occupies an editorial chair or not." There is the uninvited contributor all over. There, too, is the unrebuffable bore. An editor, like every other public man, receives daily letters from people who want him to join clubs, to buy wine, to puff wares, to send his autograph. He answers, of course, by silence. An uninvited contributor who sends a manuscript on approval stands in the same position as the chap who sends a sample box of cigarettes. Who asked for it? On some railways a beast passes at intervals through the cars and deposits candy in your lap. What can you do? You can't hide from him, for he steals upon you unaware. You can't kick him, for already he has got beyond your reach. Now supposing he had the cheek to complain because you refused to chat with him on the subject of his glucose abominations! The uninvited contributor differs from him relatively only, and yet in every well conducted paper he is treated with a courtesy which is Oriental. An attempt is always made to read even the most illegible scrawls, and if it be rejected it is almost always returned whether stamps have been inclosed or not. Tom, Dick and Harry may send their own effusions, the effusions of their baby sister if they like, and be sure that at least they will be examined—sure, too, that if the editor wants them he will take them, publish them, pay for them. What more can the uninvited contributor ask? A bid to dinner, an introduction to the editor's wife, a seat at the chimney corner? Surely not that. Why, then, a reply? The return of the manuscript itself is more than supersufficient. But such are the intricacies of human nature that the average individual will brook almost any offense sooner than an unanswered letter. And the reason is clear: it diminishes him in his own esteem. It is only the simple who know how to be great.

But the writer in the *National Review* errs in advising uninvited contributors to avoid personal calls. On the contrary, they are to be commended. The unknown gentleman with a manuscript who knocks at an editorial sanctum may not be urged to stop and drink tea, but the graciousness of the office boy will be such that he will go away and meditate on it for years.

A few years ago I did myself the honor of waiting on an editor with whom I was personally unacquainted.

"What is your name, what is your profession and what do you want of Mr. Snooks?" the office boy asked.

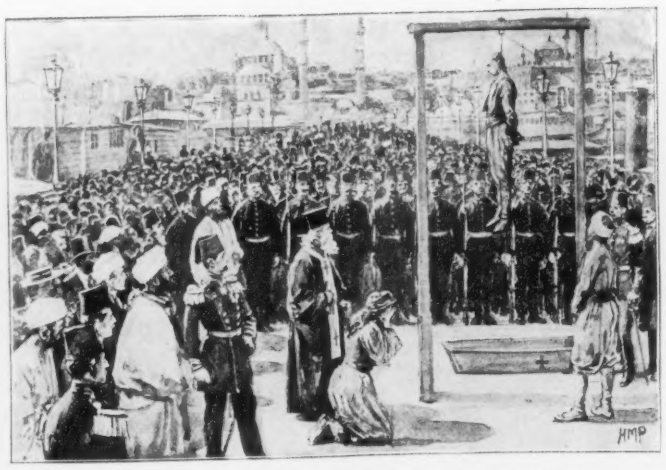
"Please say to Mr. Snooks, with my best love," I answered, "that my name is Edgar Saltus, that I am the agent of the Evangelical Tract Society and that I have come to ask his hand in holy matrimony."

Mr. Snooks was at home to me that day, but had I sent him any other message I doubt if ever I should have seen his editorial face.

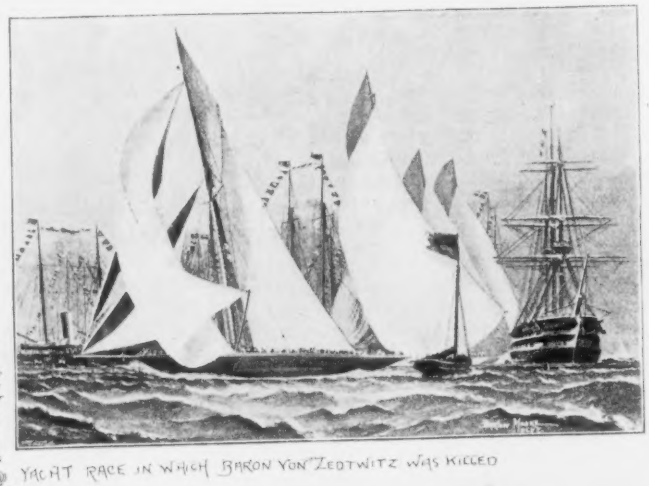
A CONVENIENT REPUTATION.

"British rifles," says the New York *Sun*, "fetch from 300 to 400 rupees on the Indian frontier, while the fine for the soldier who loses his rifle is 100 rupees. The trade in rifles is consequently brisk across the border, while the reputation of the native thieves for ingenuity is kept high."

The Trouble in Crete

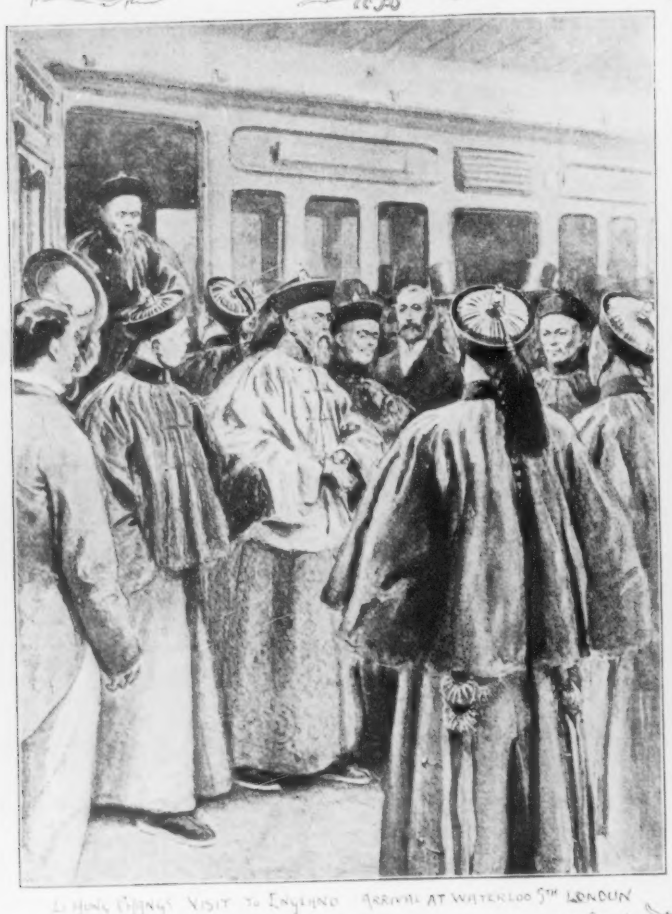


The Execution of an Armenian Murderer in Constantinople

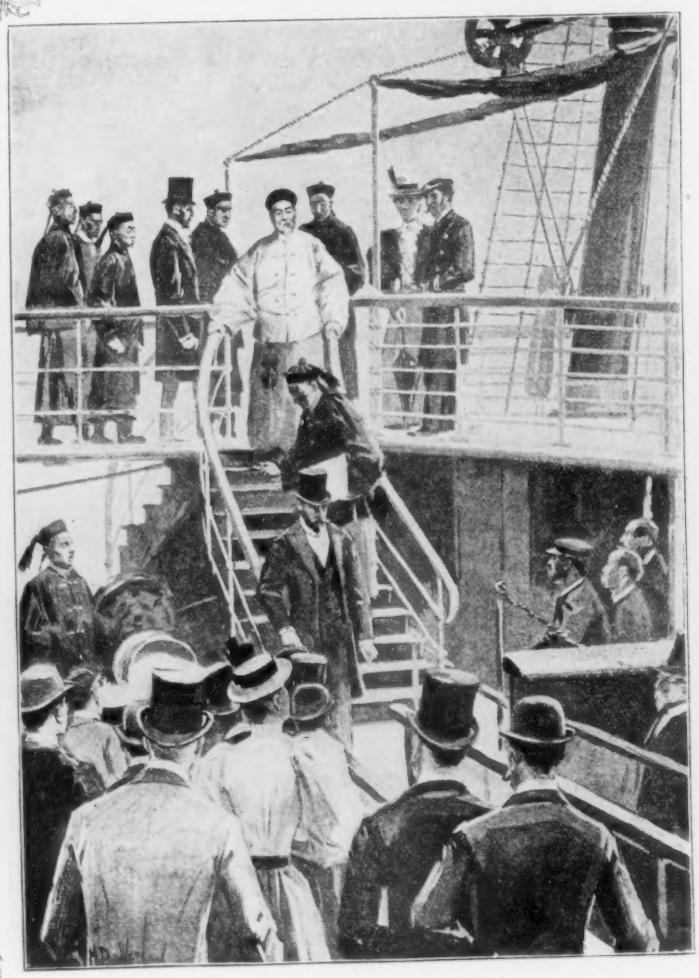


Illustrated London News

Yacht Race in which Baron von Zedtwitz was Killed



Li Hung Chang's Visit to England. Arrival at Waterloo Stn. London



Arrival of Li Hung Chang at Southampton.

EVENTS OF INTEREST ABROAD.

IN DEEP THOUGHT.

From photo by Photographic Union, Munich.

HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

Human Nature will be the customary topic of this page. It interests all; those most who most intelligently have examined it. All other interests prove, upon analysis, to resolve themselves into this master-curiosity. Its forms are infinite, and yet all are marshaled under categories comparatively concise. To treat of human nature is, therefore, to treat of everything, provided the treatment is carried far enough.

In this country, as everybody knows, human beings are presented in their widest variety. Yet all are Americans. All live under one Constitution, all attempt to speak the same language, each tries to think himself as good as the next man. Among the mass of us there are a few great divisions, determined by such contingencies as geographical habitat, wealth and poverty, religious or political proclivities; and endless smaller divisions, not to be here enumerated. A more promising field for the student could not be selected than is comprised within the boundaries of these States.

But the country is so large that, in spite of new facilities for communication and transport, it is only by occasional accidents that we arrive at any comprehensive realization of ourselves. Our Civil War was one of these; we were on that occasion made the subjects of a not wholly unagreeable surprise. We turned out capable, after all, of sacrificing ourselves for a principle. Indeed, contrary to a general impression, it is probable that the American people is the most warlike in existence. Nevertheless, nothing short of an abstract principle will ever suffice to send them with good-will to the battlefield. Beneath our gross outward practicality we are ideal and imaginative. Unlike all other modern nations, the American is founded upon an idea. When, as a nation, we think at all, we think in a high vein. And no policy or project which has received the hearty indorsement of our people has ever been other than wise, honorable and philanthropic.

There are, however, intermediate periods, when the national life ebbs low, and the selfishness of the individual, which is death, gains sway, when we offer but a sorry spectacle to mankind. At such times we seem intent wholly upon material ends, often of a base sort. And because the people does not obviously oppose, it is assumed to be acquiescent. The rats appear to own the ship, abuses become law, and between anarchy and plutocracy we seem to snore supine.

The fabled Drink of Immortality contained many ingredients, and the brewing thereof passed through many obscure and cloudy stages to the perfect purity and radiance of the final product. So we must expect that the brewing of this nation will present many unhandsome and offensive aspects; the scum will rise and lend a noisome appearance to the surface. But from time to time a prophetic gleam and fragrance will penetrate these transient conditions, admonishing the wise observer that in due season the mighty Elixir will vindicate its power and mission, and redeem at last its promise of hope and beneficence to mankind.

During these early stages of our Republic there has occurred a gradually intensifying conflict between the rich and the poor. It was inevitable; because nowhere else so much as here are the opportunities so favorable for ability and energy to create wealth, while on the other hand large masses of the people, less expert and enterprising, are by the operation of misinterpreted or misbegotten laws readily reduced to dependence and poverty. That astonishing command of the New Testament—"Bear ye one another's burdens"—is cheerfully postponed for "Each for himself and devil take the hindmost!" It is not that the rich like to see misery or even poverty; they would like all the world to be as rich and cultured as they are. But there is a sort of fate upon them; they must needs do the best they can for themselves and keep on doing it, even after the last necessity therefor has long been removed. And the more squalid and unrefined the common folk become (through operation of this fatality) the more do the rich avoid intercourse with them. It is all perfectly natural, and no one is to blame—only the principle, which is also of course natural in the highest degree. But like many principles, or rather instincts, of the natural man, it breeds mischief, and in this age and in our country mischief of that sort is apt to come to a head rapidly.

In fact, there is an element in the matter, as it evolves itself here, which may at any time bring about a radical change in the face of things. This is a Government of the people, by the people—the majority rules. But obviously the common people are in the majority. What shall prevent them, then, at any moment, from legislating the rich and cultured out of their fortunes, and upsetting the whole civilized apple-cart? Nothing prevents them, except *vis inertiæ*, which is the same as saying that when the discontent reaches a certain degree, and there comes a definite formula by which to express it, and a leader to guide them, the common people will obliterate the minority and all it stands for, and take the reins into their own hands. A shibboleth and a Moses. Now if, as some believe, there be already provocation enough, the question is, is there a watchword and a Man?

Pure right and justice, as we see them, are not always the immediate factors in great political or sociological changes. The French Revolution was outwardly a revolt of tigers, not a remonstrance of lambs. Right and justice emerge afterward, by imperceptible degrees and in modifications and adjustments unforeseen. When wrong has been done, the form in which resentment first shows itself may be the reverse of angelic. The opening blows of those who strike for equity and freedom are often aimed, not against the actual oppressors merely, but against everything, good or bad, within reach of the despairing arm. Therefore it is of no avail to plead the good features of a bad system as security against the awakened destroyer. Still less are considerations of reason and common sense to be relied upon. The maxims of prudence and political economy are futile. You might as well read Watts's Hymns to an earthquake or a tornado. You may point out to the common people the wonderful benefits conferred by modern science and enlightenment, and prove to demonstration that the continuance and existence of these depend upon the maintenance of the status quo. You may declare in the accents of truth itself that destruction thereof means relapse into barbarism. Down you and your arguments go, just the same. When a man suffering sees his brother enjoying himself, and traces, or fancies he can trace, a connection between his misery and the other's welfare, rather than not annihilate him he will risk annihilating himself along with him. The inborn human passion for equity before the law announces itself in the last resort thus, that if the living cannot be equal, the dead shall be.

In spite of our New York and Californian millionaires and our Boston culture, this is a democratic country. It is composed in the main of common people, not handsome to look at, ill-dressed, of vulgar manners, impossible to associate with. You would say that an Emerson, an Edison, a Webster, was worth a dozen million such. But these are nevertheless The People. They may lack our brains, our trained faculties, our character, but such as they are they outnumber us a thousand to one, and all over the world, but especially here in America, they are potentially our masters. If this be truth, is no lesson to be got from it?

History, meaning the dealings of God with Man, is a series of object lessons. Very sharp lessons some of them have been. Amiable optimists may quote "Vox Populi vox Dei" as ground for refusing to believe that evil can come through the people; but what is good? Is it smoothness of externals? Is not the most radical evil sometimes involved in what had seemed the most obvious good? Or, to put it another way, was there no good in ancient Asia, Egypt, and Rome? Yet what are they now? If there are abuses in our present civilized forms, we may freely concede that no one is to blame for them; they are simply the outcome of human nature working by its own lights. They are abuses notwithstanding. No one is to blame for volcanic eruptions; they are the outcome of Nature working out her own laws. But such natural convulsions destroy without mercy millions of innocent lives, and God is as undeniable in the earthquake as in the People. He "fulfills Himself in many ways." No one is to blame for the poverty of the poor and the richness of the wealthy—unless it be blame to say that it might have been prevented. There is an important difference between earthquakes and social abuses: the former are none of our business, but the latter could be prevented if we would but observe that astonishing command above referred to—"Bear ye one another's burdens." Our sin may be one of omission, not commission; but the one may be as terribly punished as the other; and as practical people, that is what concerns us.

Since history tells, intellect has ruled this world. It has brought us splendors such as no prophet could foretell, and at this very moment it seems at last on the point of giving the command of Nature into our hands, so that we shall become within the limits of the material domain true masters and creators. But peace and happiness it has not brought; rather has it estranged them. It is like light without heat, which reveals all but fructifies nothing. Can it be that intellect has been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and that now a new order is to begin? On the very verge of supreme fulfillment, is it to fall like the Tower of Babel, and shall there once more be darkness upon the face of the deep? In the early days we were bidden to erect a kingdom of love; we put mind upon the throne instead. We have done no wrong, except the wrong of not doing good—of not bearing one another's burdens. Was that the unpardonable sin? And have we got to pay for it by the destruction of all this fair fabric which our thought and skill have raised? Is the long journey to be begun again?

It was recently the fortune of the writer to see a good deal of the American people, under peculiar conditions. A candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people was crossing the continent from west to east, and the people appeared along the line of transit to see and hear him. They saw what they saw; but the sight they themselves presented was memorable.

They came not in carriages and broadcloth, but on foot and in shirtsleeves. Their hands were dirty and their faces pinched. Their gestures were ungainly, and their cries shrill and uncouth. They were not curious, but eager—even desperate. They were as prisoners who after long captivity behold a chance for deliverance, and grasp at it frantically. We read how in Palestine multitudes followed the Saviour, only to touch the hem of His garment. These men seemed to see a savior in the candidate, and to imagine that even his mere physical presence, the sound of his voice, the contact of his hand, would somewhat heal their evils. I have never beheld a spectacle more unexpected, more startling, and more pathetic. Those straining eyes, those outstretched hands, staring, clutching after the unknown good—I can ever forget them.

An unknown good. As to the merits of the particular political or economical principle in dispute I have nothing to say, and it makes small odds. However it be, these people, types of millions like them, were in earnest. By chance, or by God's will, as we may prefer to say, they had found a watchword and a Man. What these happen to be is of little consequence; but this is of serious consequence, that the people are behind them. The people that I saw are not dialecticians or economists; few of them could comprehend a close argument either for or against their proposition. The point is that they have made up their minds to believe, whether or not they know. They are acting—the mass of them—from blind desire, not reason. They have been told that certain changes will work them good, and they accept the assurance. Perhaps they lack patience or courage to do otherwise; perhaps intelligence is what they lack. They mean to vote for that candidate and what he stands for. What will be the result? Only once before in our annals have we experienced a true popular vote. That vote was on political issues, and it brought on the Civil War. This vote, not less momentous, is on social and economical issues. Nominally

it aims to solve certain rather abstruse financial problems; practically, it aims to put an end to the sway of "Capital," and to give the people a chance. Suppose the people win, will they, or can they, stop there? They will have discovered their power, and tasted blood. If they do not win, will they rest under defeat? I confess I find difficulty in sympathizing with the witty and petulant manner in which some responsible members of the opposing parties are conducting this campaign. They might reflect that though logic and respectability may seem all on their side, yet they may be beaten. And defeat, in this case, may mean something very different from our ordinary quadrennial experience, when one set of bloodsuckers replaces another. It is the end of the century; strange possibilities are in the wind. Nothing is certain but change.

Next week I shall discuss beer and skittles.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THOUGHTS ON SOME POPULAR CONDITIONS.

BY LIDA A. CHURCHILL.

NOTHING has been more conclusively demonstrated than that intelligence and morality are the final conservers and preservers of a nation; nothing more clearly proven than that ignorance, poverty and degradation are any nation's final devastators.

Neither intelligence nor morality alone can accomplish the conservation. Rome boasted as citizens Cicero, Varro, Virgil, Catullus, Horace, Lucretius, Ovid, Tibullus, Quintillian and Tacitus. Her intelligence was more than good; it was marvelous. But it will be noticed by readers of history that at this flowering time of her literary genius the ethical system on which her dominion had been built had begun to decay. "The old religions," says Froude in speaking of Cæsar's time, "were dead from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates and the Nile, and the principles upon which human society had been constructed were dead also." The desire for personal glory and advancement, the wholesale demoralization of other States whose treasures would add to her own wealth, the owning of numerous slaves on whom all labor might be thrown—these were the things by which the imperial and hitherto invincible city began her downfall.

What triumphed at Sedan? The intelligence, the reason, the judgment of France had been out-voted and down-voted by hordes of illiteracy. A multitude of unwilling, unready, densely ignorant peasants were marshaled before an army adown whose long lines not a man could be counted who could not read the reason why he should fight, and write out the probable consequences of victory or defeat.

Napoleon's assertion that God fights on the side of the heaviest battalions is by no means always true. On which side were the heavier battalions in the case of Leonides? In the American Revolution the solid English lines were vanquished before the thin ranks in which intelligence inserted the ball and morality discharged it.

No theory of the intervention of Providence is needed in explanation of these facts. Nations, States and societies are but aggregations of individuals, and we know that the individual's power of accomplishment comes from his understanding of, and the amount of consecration he brings to bear upon the thing to be accomplished.

What, then, in the face of the lessons which the centuries have taught, have the people of a Republic, of a Government planned by its founders to be, and called in its charter a Government by the people, for the people—what have these people a right to demand?

First, that they shall be governed by intelligence and morality. That the interests of every individual shall be considered as nearly as this may be done in harmony with the interests of the whole. The actual present state of a large majority of those who comprise this Government for the people we know; and the knowledge is appalling. Neither agriculture nor a single branch of industry is on a firm or satisfactory working basis, and with disaster to these comes disaster in different degrees to all whose support depends upon labor.

Who to-day holds, through suffrage, the governing power? Undoubtedly the wage earners. May we, then, declare that the wage earners rule the Republic? Not at all, but in a great measure those who manage to control the votes of the wage earners. Ignorance sells its vote to the highest bidder, or gives it to the smoothest reasoner, thus not infrequently binding fetters upon its own neck and the necks of the enlightened as well. In its murky darkness it knows not friend from foe. Here is a lack of both intelligence and morality, because these barterers have no conception of what constitutes political or economic morality.

The people have a right to demand that this kind of voting shall be stopped.

How can this be done?

A very effective step in this direction would be the prohibition, or very large restriction of, emigration for a term of years. There is a sentimentality upon this subject which is equally lacking in sense and integrity. Those who think little talk of the beauty of receiving all worthy ones who would come to us. Fifty years ago these sentiments would have been noble. To-day we have no more moral right to allow these foreign multitudes to land upon our shore with the idea of remaining here than has the mother of a score of half-fed, ragged, unkempt children to invite a dozen neighboring children to make her home theirs. This heterogeneous mass which every year we receive by the thousands, and which it is utterly impossible for us to assimilate or educate, is a millstone about America's neck which is constantly growing heavier, and which is helping very materially to drag her to demoralization.

An educated and a moral nation is the only possible ideal Republic. Anything less than this is not a Government for the people, if by the phrase "for the people" we mean for the people's best interest and happiness. When emigration has been prohibited or restricted, it is the right of the people to demand not only that every child and youth in America shall be provided with educational facilities, but that *every child and youth shall be compelled to avail himself of these facilities.* One who can with difficulty read a few lines, and in some fashion write his name, is as far from being educated as is one who simply knows that twice two make four from being an arithmetician. Upon a country or State which decides that the majority shall rule, which puts into the hands of its citizens the privilege of suffrage, which means power over others, upon such a country or State it is incumbent to see that he who exercises this power is qualified to do so. In no class of people is a little learning so dangerous a thing as in that class whose suffrage helps to make or to unmake a nation's prosperity.

In close affiliation with, and one of the results of, ignorance is poverty—an evil which the people should demand be as nearly as possible removed from their midst. Here, again, we hear a great deal of unhealthy sentimentality. The beauties, graces and benefits of poverty are sung with the irresponsible fluency of those who know nothing about their subject. God knows, and those who strain and struggle and despair beneath its weight know, that real poverty has no beauties, no graces, no benefits. I, of course, do not allude to that misnamed poverty which has a comfortable abiding-place, a sure, if small, income, and the refinements, if not the luxuries, of life. I am not dealing with misnomers. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty," says the Scripture, and no philosophy could frame a truer saying. The poverty which cannot pay its debts, which is housed unwelcomely or driven from place to place, whose environments are uncleanly and unchaste, whose necessities are almost entirely lacking—this poverty is one of two things: despairing or apathetic. In either case it is its own destruction, and a menace to its entire neighborhood. In both cases it creates criminals, paupers, slaves, and generates filth and disease and a wide-spreading nuisance. Every State and city recognizes its duty to abolish a nuisance.

Happiness is a great promoter and conserver of integrity. Unhappiness, in eighty-five cases out of a hundred, is unholiness. A desperate man is a dangerous man. Despair is the great ingredient from which murderers, robbers, anarchists, and incendiaries are made. Where natural depravity has made one criminal despair has made a million.

Abject poverty cannot be happy.

Apathetic poverty is poverty in its worst type. It has got beyond striving, and is animal to the full. It is a well known fact that the lower and grosser the status of being the more prolific. In our human plague-spots children multiply like weeds in the marshes; children who if not redeemed from the degradation into which they are born will themselves be an immense burden and constant menace to the State, and will add to that burden and that menace by their own propagation.

These things should not be left to the philanthropist, but become the objects of the study and the action of municipal governments. Our prisons are constantly increased, our hospitals enlarged, to accommodate the victims of this nuisance.

This enormous physical and moral waste the people should refuse longer to tolerate. Far more cheaply could the commonwealth build schoolhouses, erect suitable tenements, plant moral influences.

There is, in this workless time, another kind of poverty which can die but cannot beg, which can be classed with suicides but not with paupers; which strives and starves, suffers and is silent. There is little realization of how many of the patients brought to our hospitals and buried by the city are made ill by anxiety and lack of food. For this type of sufferers there should be, while help is needed, bureaus of relief whose ministrations should be adequate, delicate, silent. Here, as in the case of poverty which can be openly handled, if humanity does not urge to action, let public economy claim its due, and demand that these persons shall be cared for in the least expensive way.

All these things are of as much moment to the potential rescuers as to the potentially rescued.

One of the evils of even semi-poverty, the poverty which a few weeks' or a few months' idleness would make abject, is its tendency to make of manhood a craven, servile thing, and to give to wealth a fictitious value. With situations so few and laborers so many, and coming by shiploads with every inflowing tide, the employee, in a multitude of cases, must become the apparent echo of the man by whose dictum he is retained or discharged. His expressed opinion and his vote, as well as his labor, are bought with a price. One must earn bread for his own mouth and the mouths of his family, though it comes by hypocrisy, and for it is bartered self-respect.

In the solution of any vital problem we must always come back to education as an important factor. The problem of the lessening of poverty is no exception to this rule.

In many instances laws exist, or are possible, of which those to whom such laws would be of inestimable value are wholly ignorant. How many average voters who are railing against trusts, for instance, know of the actual or possible Anti-Trust law, by the enforcement of which the "cornering" of any commodity would be made impossible?

Among the most practical educational agencies for lessening poverty (and consequently vice and disease), would be the plentiful establishment of free technical schools, thus enabling those of the necessary mental caliber to move up, leaving a clearer field for their less lavishly endowed brothers. Insert in any great daily an advertisement for a common laborer or a clerk, and in less than twelve hours you may have a hundred, perhaps three hundred, replies. Advertise for an educated superintendent for a railroad, a competent foreman for a factory, a skilled engineer for a great establishment, and you may wait months, perhaps a year, before you are adequately supplied. This shows where are the room and the opportunities.

The present crisis in our national affairs must emphatically emphasize the fact that we have not sufficient educated and moral manhood to meet without a tremendous struggle, and the possibility of defeat, the demand for a currency which shall prove a fulcrum for the lever of honor and permanency, a tariff which shall protect our industries, political men and methods for the re-establishment and preservation of our national prosperity. It should be the care and concern of every right-minded American that such measures should be instituted and religiously followed as would make such another crisis impossible to our Republic.

NOT AN EXTRAORDINARY ONE.

Bob—"Tom, are you a Theosophist?"

Tom—"No, indeed—I'm just an ordinary fool."

THE INTERRUPTED FEAST.—TIG

EAST.—TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

Men, Manners and Money

BY EDGAR FAWCETT

V.

We so often hear, nowadays, that money is all-powerful and that its potency has no parallel. Undoubtedly is this true of New York, and yet, if we are old enough, we have merely to look backward thirty or forty years and realize that it was not true in those vanished Manhattan times.

I distinctly recollect, for example, what it used to mean for a girl to "come out" in New York society. She had six or seven pretty, inexpensive frocks, and when some other girl whom she knew gave a party, she went to it, and *voila*, she was "out." Nobody ever thought of giving her an afternoon "tea" to *lancer* her. Tea was not affected as an afternoon beverage at all. If any lady had "paid a call" on any other lady in the sixties of this expiring century, and had been asked "Won't you have a cup of tea?" she would have thought her hostess highly eccentric. Tea was drank at seven-o'clock supper, and by invalids, and that was about all. It was very strong and rank stuff, too, quite often; for the "English breakfast" article was yet undreamed of. Supper had begun to yield before the intensely "fashionable" six-o'clock dinner, though there were still some educated and excellent New York people who could not bring themselves to swim boldly forth on the waters of such luxurious dissipation. Parties were never called "dances," though sometimes you said "Miss So-and-So is going to give a German," for this foreign cotillon was gradually winning its way. The collations served at these evening assemblages were exceedingly simple compared with the sumptuous feasts of to-day. There were no "small tables," and comparatively few waiters. A white-gloved attendant (occasionally colored), stood at one end of a large board, before a smoking tureen, and filled with stewed oysters (and also a dash of chicken salad, taken from a side dish) the numberless plates which gentlemen presented to him. Ladies were always served by gentlemen, who would inquire "What can I get you?" after taking them into the banquet-room, where they sat ranged with their backs against the wall, like schoolgirls at an examination.

As far as my recollection tells me, rich people who wanted to push their way into society had a very hard time of it. I remember one very rich family that kept on trying for many years and never got beyond the outskirts of patriciandom until the new era, the "golden age," as it may well be called, swept them in with a number of similar strugglers. We talk of plutocracy's high-handedness now; it was not half so assertive as the snobbery that ruled our town then. If any young painter or writer, unindorsed by "family claims," had tried to mingle, however modestly, among the swells of that period, his designs would have been given an almost immediate quietus. New York is still socially provincial, because a few, a very few, millionaire autocrats rule it. But in those days it was far more provincial, because an element of Knickerbocker gentility ruled it, represented by scarcely a single real grandee, and tyrannized over by a small throng of men and women whose limited expenditures as entertainers contrasted almost absurdly with their recognized position and importance. I recall, for example, a household established in a street not far from the lower portion of Second Avenue whose members annually issued cards for receptions on certain evenings in January and February. Their home was large but totally without a modern touch, and of the sort that would now be considered shabby, even threadbare. And yet society flocked to its portals, to chatter the usual fatuities and eat unwholesome fancy cakes washed down by the weakest of claret punch. In a way, however, this potion was perhaps less injurious than the sugary champagne, of an almost deadly sweetness, which would be served at a fair number of festivities elsewhere. The dispensers of the fancy cakes and claret punch possessed what was then reverently called an old Knickerbocker name. I wonder how many guests could be mustered to-day within their big, chill, puritanic parlors. "Old names" count for little at present, and unless one is made merry and comfortable by the choicest of viands and the rarest of wines, one politely stays away.

And yet snobbery, in those years, literally ran riot. There was one ardently exclusive club—the New York—though even to have the privilege of belonging to it did not always mean that a man could cross other sacred private thresholds. The Century Club was a delightful place, as I used to hear from my rather, who was one of its earliest frequenters. But although lawyers and merchants of high standing were constantly to be met there, it welcomed with too much freedom the impecunious artist and the neglected poet or book-man for "aristocracy" not to regard it somewhat superciliously and askance.

Meanwhile "aristocracy" went on flourishing in its hard, haughty, determined little way, with its doings never, as now, chronicled by the newspapers and its mild smoke-spurts of scandal attracting no more popular heed than if they had been the raucous growl of a North River steamboat. One of its modish summer resorts was Sharon Springs, now rarely even named. Long Branch was another, scorned at the present hour; and still another was Saratoga, once passionately patronized. As for Newport, it was in the beginning, and seemingly forever shall be, Newport without end. And yet it was a vastly different Newport then from now. It did not contain a single palace, and its "cottages" deserved no more ambitious term. The Casino was not, but the old Reading-Room had existed, I believe, since a brief period after the discovery made by Columbus. Fashion had her lair beside those lordly cliffs, but she was then what her reigning devotees would have pronounced a frump with but one carriage (usually a barouche) to drive forth in upon Bellevue Avenue and only a timid paucity of diamonds for fingers, ears or neck.

The words "upstart" and "parvenu" and "*nouveaux riches*" were heard twenty times then where you now hear them once. In some respects I should be inclined to declare that the fact of extreme wealth was more militant against a newcomer than poverty, especially when the newcomer was a woman. It brought into more conspicuous relief defects of manners which might otherwise have passed unnoticed, or it leveled a critical vigilance upon the least purse-proud sign. Great beauty in women is often the passport into circles that royalty overshadows; but I have in mind the cases of two very beautiful New York girls, also thoroughly cultivated, whom society never admitted, although some of their male admirers were among the happy elect. Indeed, nothing was more difficult than for a girl to enter those jealous gates unless (curious though it may sound) her claim was that of Birth. It strutted, if you please, an anomaly in borrowed plumes, with sometimes hardly two generations behind it, sneered at by the satirist, grieved over by the wise, and yet incontestably, all the same, it was Birth.

But suddenly, in abruptest way, everything changed. It was just as if Knickerbockerism had said: "I'm making a sad goose of myself, and I mean to stop it right here and now. I'm pretending to despise money, and shutting my eyes to the wonderful things that money can buy. It's no use; every dog has his day, and mine is over."

Undoubtedly it was over, whether she had been politic enough to grant it or no. Mines and railroads (those two Fortunatus-makers of the century) had brought to New York fathers who were fairly presentable, mothers who were more so, and sons and daughters who were growing up under the devout care of tutors and governesses. For a little while Knickerbockerism hesitated; then, yielding, she was truly lost. Never again, after that concession, would she rear as of old her sovereign crest. Her rule was over; she descended, and Plutocracy, like a new Napoleon, crowned himself on her vacated throne.

The usurpation, the abdication, the surrender, were all for a long time held piercingly ridiculous. And indeed they were. Here were our haughty "first families" bowing homage to the people whom yesterday they had refused to know. They had always keenly respected money as a possession, but they now had it brought home to them what an enormous number of enjoyments money in great quantities could secure.

Going to Europe, which had till lately been an oceanic bore, was now shorn of its tedium and invested with actual luxury. Progressive civilization had built new steamers to which the old ones were almost as rolling tubs. Travel through foreign lands had lost half its inconvenience and through our own country it had become a sumptuous pleasure. Private steam-yachts of superb size, finish and accommodation were in reach of the willing purchaser. To say "I shall spend the spring in Paris" was like saying that you would spend it in Boston. These multi-millionaires knew the earth from Finland to Greece, from London to Yokohama, and not by any means always as globe-trotters, either, but as globe-yachters instead. A "brown-stone front" on Fifth Avenue, with its big staring windows and its cumbrous, tumid, superfluous "stoop," was vulgarized by their beautiful new houses built like the old French chateaux, with delicate Gothic facades and éteignoir towers, all marvels of aerial grace and symmetry. What wonder that the Knickerbockers went and saw and were conquered? Some of them had a man-servant, others two. The plutocrats had eight and ten; sometimes they didn't know how many they had; that was all left to their major-domo and their housekeeper. Of old, when the Knickerbockers had condescended to appear at a ball of the rich strugglers they would go away pronouncing it a "common splurge." They didn't do that any longer, after the sway of plutocracy began in good earnest. They moved through a lane of faultless-mannered footmen over carpets woven on looms of the Orient, and gazed at Gobelin tapestries which had hung in the halls of dead princes or kings. They were received in drawing-rooms where magnificence was tempered by the severest taste, and shook hands with affable and well-bred chatelains whose throats were pale with pearls that queens, in some cases, had loved and lost. Perhaps they had on, these guests, their grandmothers' rubies or their great-grandmothers' emeralds, at the time, and felt them shine by contrast like so many little pink and green glass beads. But they were never even vaguely made to remember the difference between their own adornments and those of Mrs. Myningstocke or Mrs. Raylerode Dividende. Far from it; they were rather induced, by the most artistic subtlety of courtesy, to forget everything of the sort. And they began to perceive that there is slight truth in the old time-honored adage about its taking three generations to make a gentleman—or a gentlewoman. They slowly but very surely realized that not only, in a certain sense, can old dogs be taught new tricks, provided enough money is expended on this form of tuition, but that their progeny can be dowered with just so many thousands of dollars' worth of deportment, high breeding and knowledge what not to say or do. It might justly be claimed that three wealthy generations will make a handsome woman; for there is little doubt that constant care, untroubled ease and watchful training will act upon the feminine face and body as skilled gardening acts upon flower or fruit.

We see, then, that wealth is all-powerful with us now for the best of reasons—the very reason why we held it (not money, but wealth) in so much lighter esteem years ago. Then the amazing improvement in material resources had not occurred, or was yet in embryo. Now it buys you Aladdin's lamp, genie and all. And such a genie! Briareus had not so many hands wherewith to work your hests. One is building you a many-turreted mansion on the Hudson, while another is selecting your wife a rivière of the finest diamonds in Europe, and still another is smoothing the mane and patting the flanks of a new-purchased thoroughbred that shall win the next "Suburban"—or peradventure the English Derby; for nowadays a rich American can do even that. No; never yet in all the world's history was money so beloved, for never were there so many delights, comforts and splendors to wait on its beck. No wonder that certain folk are now wanting to treat it as a child sometimes treats his lemonade or sarsaparilla, pouring water in it to "make it more." But all such attempted amplification must prove futile. From whatever metal Aladdin's lamp may be composed, it certainly is not of "16 to 1" silver.

It is the love that laughs at locksmiths that most frequently breaks the wedlock.

BY ELIZABETH FLINT WADE.

(Concluded.)

"JUST look there, boys!" said Frank, jumping to his feet. "That little rascal has been sneaking under the bridge and listening to all we have been saying. Let's douse him in the creek for it and teach him a lesson."

Half a dozen of the boys ran down to the edge of the stream, and, seizing Benny, were about to follow out the suggestion when Arthur Preston, a tall, thin lad, sprang down the bank and thrust himself between Benny and his captors.

"No, no! Don't dip him," he interposed. "That's just the way to get found out. Mrs. Bemis will be sure to make him tell everything. Let's bring him up on the bridge and make him promise not to tell a word."

The wiser counsel prevailed, and though Benny had not the slightest idea of revealing their plans, he was sworn to secrecy by all the binding promises boys know how to exact. Then he was told he might go.

"Now mind what I tell you," said Frank Hilliard, as Benny adjusted his crutch under his arm, "if you so much as breathe a single word we have said we shall tie you hand and foot, put you in the old mill and blow you up with it."

Not doubting that they would be as good as their word, Benny promised silence, tucked his crutch under his arm and scuttled hurriedly away.

The night before the Fourth, shortly after the clock had struck nine, the boys, one by one, stole away in the direction of the old mill. Their joint savings had been expended in four kegs of gunpowder, which had by much hard labor been carried to the top of the hill and concealed in the bushes. The kegs were now rolled out and opened, and their contents disposed to the best advantage for demolishing the mill. The fuse was not to be laid till late in the afternoon of the next day. The final arrangements were left in the charge of Frank Hilliard and Caleb Green, and the boys went home well satisfied with their proposed addition to the celebration.

In spite of the fears of the boys, the morning of the Fourth was bright and cloudless. Breakfasts were hastily prepared and as hastily swallowed, and by nine o'clock the entire population of the village was assembled on the green, while the number was constantly re-enforced by visitors from neighboring towns.

The wildest dreams of the boys were more than realized. Such noise and shouting, such burning of powder, such banging of firecrackers and torpedoes, such booming of cannon, had never been heard before in Blinnville or any of its adjoining towns. The oration was greeted with loud applause, and the Declaration of Independence reading with the wildest cheers. The sixty girls dressed in gray, with white caps, aprons and kerchiefs, and headed by Margaret carrying the Stars and Stripes, was pronounced the prettiest feature of the procession. The boys and girls outdid themselves in their tableaux and recitations, Captain John Smith being rescued by Grace Pratt attired in full Indian costume, while Frank Hilliard as Powhatan brought down the house.

It had been such an exciting day that every one, except the irrepressible boys, was glad of the lull which supper-time brought. As soon as possible after supper Frank and Caleb hurried to the mill to put the fuse in place for lighting.

When they returned to the green they found the pieces set up and every boy on the ground. There was to be a two-part programme, the first to consist of large "set pieces," and then, after three or four patriotic airs played by the band, the remainder of the display was to be bombs, rockets, whirlpools, flower-pots, etc., etc., and it was during the intermission of the fireworks that the boys had fixed the time for firing the mill.

"Come," said Margaret to Grace, as a portrait of George Washington blazed up, "there are only two more pieces after this; let us get the girls and hurry up to the windmill. We shall get there just in time to see the rest of the fireworks."

But the girls were not so eager to climb the steep hill in reality as they had been in prospect, and one and all declined to go.

"Well," said Margaret, "I'm going anyway. You needn't come, either, Grace. I'm not afraid of the hill or the dark, and would just as soon go alone."

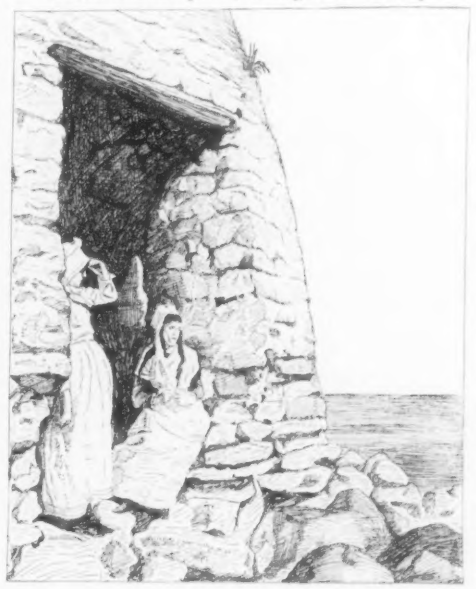
"If you are determined to go I shall go with you," replied Grace, hurrying to catch Margaret, who was already walking rapidly toward the hill. After a breathless climb they found themselves at the top, just as the first strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" floated up from the valley.

"There," said Margaret, as she seated herself in the doorway of the old mill, "doesn't it seem delightful to get away from the noise and smoke and smell of powder? Aren't you glad you came, Grace?"

"I don't know," said Grace. "I feel half afraid. Suppose some wild animal, or maybe an old tramp, was concealed in those bushes over there."

"Nonsense, Grace! Whatever put that idea into your head?" returned Margaret, glancing apprehensively toward the clump of bushes.

"Come inside quick, Margaret!" whispered



THERE WERE THE GIRLS IN THE DOORWAY, UTTERLY UNCONSCIOUS OF THE MINE BENEATH THEIR FEET.

Grace, suddenly. "I'm sure I saw something or some one moving over there on the edge of the hill."

The girls withdrew noiselessly into the deeper shadows of the mill interior, watching the door anxiously and wishing themselves safe with the merry group on the green. Something was evidently moving among the bushes, but whatever it was it showed no intention of coming nearer the mill. After a time the sounds ceased and the girls began to breathe more freely.

"Come, Margaret," said Grace, as soon as they found the intruder really gone. "We will run down the hill as fast as we can, for I don't want to stay another minute in this uncanny place."

"No," replied Margaret, firmly, reseating herself in the doorway. "I came here to watch the fireworks, and here I shall stay. Why, Grace, what could hurt us? Our visitor was probably some harmless little animal looking for its supper. Look! there goes a flight of rockets. Now the band is playing the 'Red, White and Blue.' I am sure distance lends enchantment to the sound as well as the view."

Frank Hilliard, as soon as the last piece was fired, sought Caleb to keep the engagement at the old mill, but Caleb stoutly refused to go a step.

"There is no need of both going," he said. "One can fire the fuse as well as two."

"Well, you are a nice one," retorted Frank, "deserting a fellow in this way when it is too late to get any of the others. Much you'll borrow my fishing-rod again. I've got to go alone, then, I 'spose; but mind, if there is any fuss about this you're in it as much as the rest of us." And with this warning he was off, for if the fuse was to be fired while the band was playing there was no time to lose.

As soon as he was out of the crowd he began running as rapidly as possible, sometimes stumbling over a root, and again entangling himself in some swaying vine, for he was taking the short cut to the hill. As he neared the top he unconsciously slackened his pace and moved more quietly. There was something ghostly, even to this stout-hearted boy who scoffed at fear, in this lonely visit to the old mill. He looked up as he neared it, and his heart almost stopped beating as he discerned in the dim outlines of the doorway a white-clad figure. He stopped and gazed at it intently, striving to pierce the darkness. While he looked the figure suddenly disappeared, seeming to melt and vanish.

He turned to run, but a sudden thought of what the boys would say on the morrow stayed his feet, and, taking a match from his pocket, he turned toward the clump of bushes where lay the end of the fuse. Only waiting a second to make sure that it was burning, he plunged down the hill and in three minutes was again on the green. Word went from one to another of the boys that the fuse was lighted, and every one was on the quive vive for the explosion.

In the meantime Mr. Blinn—who was never happy unless his granddaughter was within call—had missed Margaret and was making inquiries for her. Every one seemed to have just seen her, but no one could tell where she was at that moment, till one of the girls who had personated a Puritan maiden said that she had gone to the old windmill with Grace Pratt, to watch the fireworks.

One of the boys who was in the secret of the proposed explosion overheard the reply, and in less time than the words can be written the news had been communicated to the others. Their grimy faces looked white and ghastly under the powder with which they were smirched. They gathered in a little group by themselves.

"What shall we do?" they said. "We can't save them if we try, for no one could get to the mill before the fuse reaches the powder. They will be blown to atoms."

Frank Hilliard, at the first news of the perilous situation of the girls, had turned away and thrown himself on the ground. Every moment he expected to hear the explosion, and the sound to which the boys had all looked forward to with hilarity would be the death-knell of the brightest girl in the village, and of Mr. Blinn's granddaughter. Arthur Preston had started at once for the hill, but before he had gone three rods fear turned him back. He could not face certain death.

The band had stopped playing. A rumor had run through the crowd that the old mill had been filled with powder and that the slow match with which it was to be fired was already lighted. Half a dozen young men started for the hill, followed by Mr. Blinn, but strong hands held him back.

"No, you must not go," they said; "those young fellows know how to take care of themselves and are familiar with every spot of the ground. If it is possible to save the girls they will do it."

But there is some one ahead of them. Benny was the first to hear that the girls had gone to the mill, and without stopping to think of the possible harm to himself, but only longing to help the only one who had ever spoken kindly to him, he sped up the hill as fast as his crutches would permit. Breathless he arrived at the top. Would he be in time? He rushed forward. There were the girls in the doorway, utterly unconscious of the mine beneath their feet.

"Come, come!" he cried, as he neared them. "Hurry! hurry with me! Powder! Mill! You will blow up! Hide in the cave!"

Grace started toward him.

"What do you mean, you miserable little villain!" she cried, angrily, "rushing on us in this way and frightening us half to death? Go right away from here this minute!"

But Benny, who had now reached the door, grasped Margaret's dress and pulled her with all his strength.

"Oh, don't stop a minute!" he pleaded. "The boys have—put powder here—to blow up the mill! It's burning now! I know where we can hide! Oh, hurry—or we shall be too late!"

Margaret started to her feet.

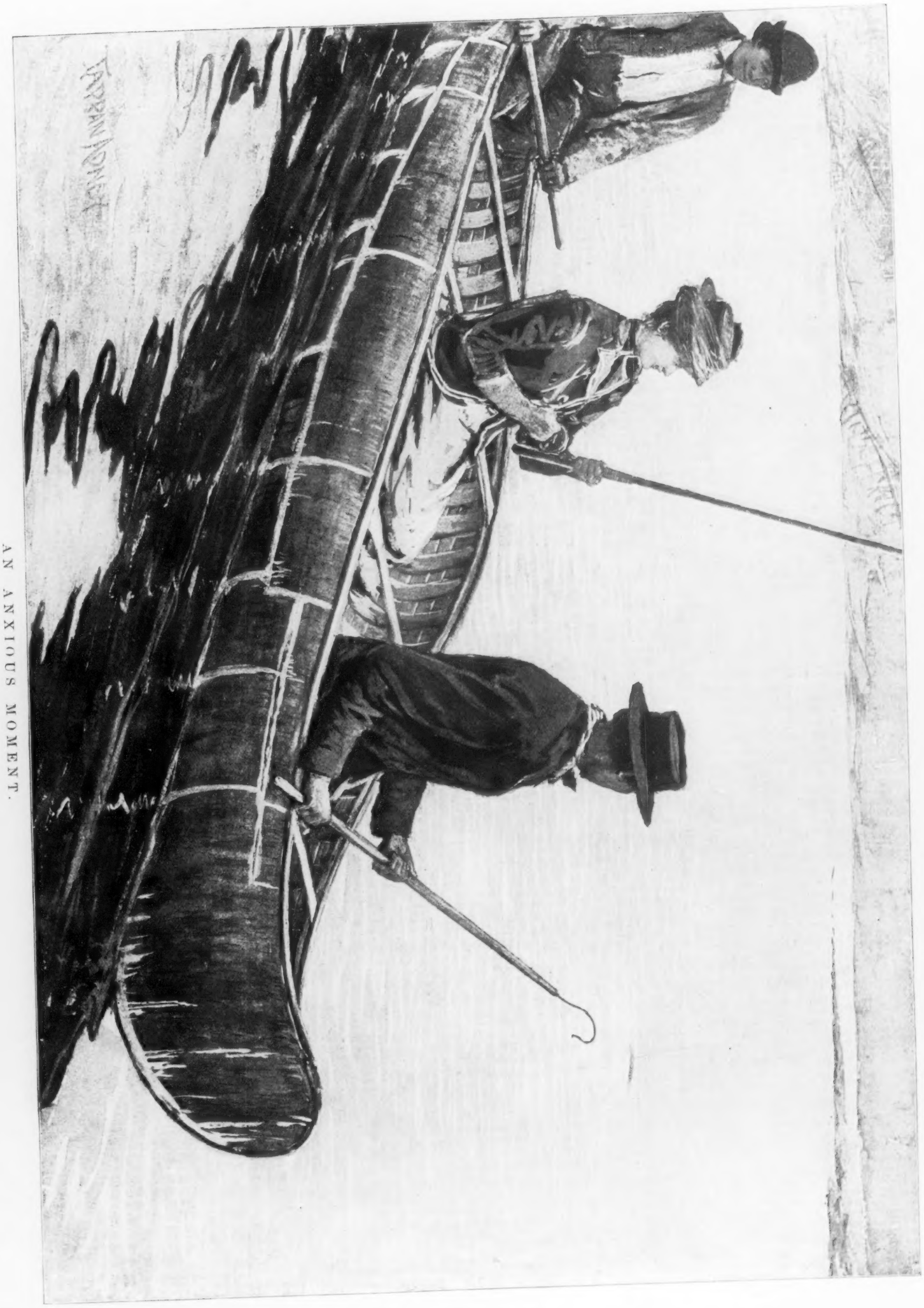
"Come, Grace, don't stop a minute. Something tells me he is right, and even if he is not it will be no harm to go."

"This way," cried Benny. "I know of a little cave in the side of the hill, where we shall be be safe if the mill blows up. Oh, hurry, hurry!"

The cave to which Benny was conducting them was a small excavation in the side of the

(Continued on page 14.)

IN ARCADIA.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

IN ARCADIA.

THE BLINNVILLE CENTENNIAL.

(*Continued from page 11.*)

hill, large enough to admit four or five persons crowded closely. Thrusting aside the vines that concealed the entrance Benny told the girls to stoop down and crawl inside.

"I'm not going inside that place," said Grace, stoutly. "I'm sure there are snakes or something in it;" but Margaret knelt down and crept into the little refuge.

"Come quick, Grace!" she said. "Oh, hear that rumbling!"

Thoroughly frightened, Grace crept into the cave, and not a minute too soon, for hardly had she done so when a terrific explosion that seemed to shake the hill to its foundation was heard, followed by the crashing of falling stones, sticks and debris from the mill. The boys had done their work all too well, and the old windmill was a thing of the past.

It had all happened so suddenly that the girls had given no thought to Benny, who, owing to the delay of Grace, had been unable to get into the cave before the explosion. As soon as the noise ceased Margaret thought of him.

"Where is Benny?" she exclaimed; "he is not in the cave. Oh, he is killed; I know he is. Benny! Benny! where are you?" putting her head out of the opening and shouting.

Again and again she called, but there came no answer. The music had ceased in the valley and a strange silence followed the echoes of her voice.

"I'm going to crawl out and see if I can find him," she said; but Grace held her back.

"It will go off again, I know it will!" she cried; but Margaret loosened her detaining grasp and crept out of the cave. She could distinguish nothing in the darkness, so she stooped and felt along the ground. Her hand touched something warm. It was Benny she knew, and she shuddered with horror as she thought that Benny had been killed—had lost his life to save theirs.

The frightened villagers as soon as the explosion occurred, had started for the mill in a body, expecting to find, if they found anything, the mangled bodies of the two girls. But what is that cry that rings through the valley?—"Benny! Benny!" Again and again the call is repeated.

"It is Margaret! it is Margaret, my Margaret!" cried Mr. Blinn. "Where are you? Where are you, my child?"

Dozens of men were soon at the top of the hill, and careful hands bore the little cripple to the inn where the doctor, after a careful examination, pronounced his injury concussion of the brain. A falling stone had struck him down just as he was stooping to enter the cave.

It was nearly a week before he regained consciousness. The first words he said were:

"Where is my crutch? Mrs. Bemis told me to come home by nine o'clock," and he tried to raise himself in bed.

It was Margaret who laid him gently back on the pillows.

"You are never going back to the workhouse and Mrs. Bemis again," she said.

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UNCLE SIM.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

UNCLE SIM is gettin' old—
Goes all humped-up with the cold;
Hasn't any voice to speak,
Totters like his legs was weak.

Cur'us how he's failed of late,
Like a bird that's lost its mate.
Used to be so chipper, too—
Hale and hearty through and through.

Wonder what has come to him
Makes his eyes so blurred and dim,
Makes him de'f, so he can't hear,
'Less you holler in his ear?

Poor old mumblin' Uncle Sim!
Heaven don't seem far to him,
When he gropes from chair to chair,
Seems as if he's almost there.

RONDEAU.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

WHEN Earth's at rest these August days,
No breeze across the meadow plays;
The painted lilies dreaming stand;
The hilltops droop their foreheads grand,
Sun-steeped in slumberous golden haze.

The mullein candles' yellow rays
Glow feebly from wild weed-grown ways;
The sleepy brook creeps through the sand,
When Earth's at rest.

My heart through thistled meadows strays,
And drowsing with the summer stays,
When August with her soothing hand
O'er all the hot and dusty land
The summer stillness softly lays,
When Earth's at rest.

MY LADY JANE.

BY AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

SHE has hair that is witchery:
She has eyes that can charm the soul.
She has smiles that in verity
Heal the wounded and wound the whole.
Truly, if witches were tried again,
None would acquit you, Lady Jane!

AD LUCEM.

BY CHARLES MORSE.

WHAT brings't thou me, O Day, that from the void
Hurlest thine aureate fires athwart the gloom?
Ah, frequent have I watched thy fellows bloom
Dear auguries of vantage unalloyed—
Only to fade with all my hopes destroyed!
But thou dost thrill me with a portent strange
That now my soul draws near the brink of change
Whence comes surcease from ills that erst annoyed.
Enrapt I see the crown of things achieved
Gleam like a star within thy rosy hands,
And gild the fruitage of Life's harvest-lands.
Oh, may it be that I am not deceived
By this fair promise thou, O Day, hast weaved
On Heaven's face in woof of mystic strands!

GRANDMA'S FAN.

BY KATE THYSON MARR.

"TELL you the story of that old fan?"
And Grandma blushed a rosy red,
Took off her glasses, and smiled a sweet smile,
And, like a shy schoolgirl, hung her head.

'Twas an odd conceit of satin white,
With figures quaint of Dresden rare,
While in each fold some mem'ries sweet
Of Auld Lang Syne lay hidden there.

As Grandma caressed it, she seemed to forget
From youth's to age's mystic span;
Mem'ry waived the landmarks of Time
From the dear old face, as she toyed with her fan.

"Girls did not flirt in my day," she said;
"Love was a sacrament, the holiest given,
And when from Love's lips the secret was told
Two souls were united for Earth and for Heaven.

"'Twas my first ball, and when Grandpa came
He gave me that fan, 'twas a dream of bliss,
For quickly behind its beautiful folds
He gave something else—a lover's first kiss."

"Why, Grandma, you're blushing, after these years!"
With a radiant smile, she said: "Little miss,
A woman's no woman if she's ever too old
To forget her first ball—or, her lover's first kiss."

ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

"THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung."

King George of Greece, Queen Olga and the royal family lead the simplest Court life in Europe. There is nothing of the solemn majesty of the Imperial Courts of Russia, Austria, Germany and England. In the classic land of Hellas, King George is only the first official in the State. He is called the Lord King, or Mr. the King; his sons are styled "Sir" without any other title.

King George is extremely accessible by nature, and according to the custom of the country. Not only does he receive people in private audience without any ceremony in the world, but it is the custom to accost him in the street, and ask for news, just as the ancient merchants of Athens demanded it of Pericles. One evening George I., who is a great pedestrian, went to Pireaus on foot. He smoked his cigar. An officer passed, and, not recognizing him, asked for a light. The King gave it, drew a puff, and held the cigar. In the light the officer saw his face and recoiled. "Make haste," said the King, "for this evening I am a little hurried." King George and Queen Olga do not give many grand entertainments, but several dinner parties.

The officials, business men of note and the French pupils of the School of Athens are received in turn with the most cordial friendship. A simple tourist, recommended by some notable citizen, is often a guest at these royal Agapes. The King usually wears European dress—the English fashion laid down by Poole of London. Sometimes, however, he wears the national costume, which is quite resplendent—a velvet vest, embroidered with gold, and white pantaloons. Although a Dane (brother to the Princess of Wales), King George scarcely ever speaks his native tongue.

At Court, Greek or French are spoken—Danish never. The members of the royal family are the greatest linguists in Europe. They know all the dialects of civilized society. The King works with his Ministers from nine to one o'clock; about two the principal repast is taken, corresponding to a family dinner in private life. From three to seven—that is, until supper, which is only a collation—the King walks in the city, or else rides or skates with rollers. The promenades of King George recall those rambles of the citizen King Louis Philippe of France. Like his predecessor in Paris, King George walks through Athens with a cane or an umbrella, saluted by all who meet him in a respectful but friendly manner. He often enters a cafe for refreshment. At the slight repast in the evening, where all the members of the family meet, the Court officials are often present.

Queen Olga is a Norwegian princess, and the six children are all of the type of Northern Europe. The eldest son and heir-presumptive, the Duke of Sparta, is married to the Princess Sophia of Germany, Emperor William's sister. Music is much cultivated at the Court of Athens, and the royal family give concerts to which are invited all the disciples of Orpheus and Apollo. Lovers of classical music can there rejoice in selections from all the masters down to the latest, Richard Wagner. Intellectual entertainments are frequent, and any representative of science is honored by King George and Queen Olga, as in the days of Aristotle. A short time since, at the royal palace, the English governess died; she had instructed the children of the royal family. All were present at her obsequies, and at the close of the religious ceremony King George and his sons carried her coffin from the choir of the church to the funeral car.

The royal palace, built by the present King's predecessor, Otho of Bavaria, looks like a barrack on the outside. The interior is like the residence of one of our American consuls; more of a simple residence than an abode of splendor. But the climate, the scenery, the wondrous sapphire sky, the historic memories of Athens, make it a delightful place of pilgrimage in this vale of tears.

The trial of Commandant Lothaire, of the Belgian Army, quartered in the independent State of Congo, Africa, has just concluded in Brussels, the capital of Belgium. It will be remembered some time ago an Irishman named Stokes of good family was taken before a court-martial and shot by order of M. Lothaire. This tragedy occurred at Borna, Congo. The Belgian officer accused the Irishman of a variety of malpractices on the same lines as "Dr. Jim"—raiding into contraband territory and leading a troop of followers. Lothaire acted on the defensive. The result was death by shooting to Mr. Stokes, and a verdict of acquittal for M. Lothaire.

Much satisfaction was evinced in the Chamber of Deputies, Paris, when M. Hanotaux announced to the

GOOD NEWS FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.

The glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer.

South Dakota has thousands of acres of choice farming and ranch land lying east of the Missouri River, and within one day's ride from Chicago or Milwaukee, which can now be bought reasonably cheap, but which before the end of another year may be advanced in price.

The stock-raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and Eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep-growing in that State.

Diversified farming, the growing of live stock, and the products of the dairy, are placing South Dakota foremost in the ranks of the successful Western States.

Those desiring full information on the subject, and particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., or H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 236 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

council of Ministers on Saturday that the United States acknowledged Madagascar as a French colony.

Brigandage is rife in Annam. A telegram from Bangkok announces that bands of brigands have attacked the Christian missions at Petrim and pillaged the houses. Several persons who tried to defend themselves have been massacred. "The clime of the East and the Land of the Sun" is always more or less disturbed by fanaticism.

The Hon. Mr. Curzon, Under Secretary of State, in the House of Commons recently said, in reply to a question as to the possibility of the annexation of the island of Crete by Great Britain, that "England at present did not think of such a thing, but would favor autonomy or self-government in the island."

Li Hung Chang is being paraded around London—the very latest Lion on show. He has been brought to the Bank of England, General Post-Office, St. Martin le Grand, where the head man, his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, Knight of the Garter, Earl Marshal of England and Postmaster-General, received the Grand Old Man of China. Woolwich Arsenal displayed its wonders, so that Li Hung Chang may harbor no delusion as to the might and power and prosperity of England. He has also visited Hawarden Castle, and Mr. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of England, and his compeer of China have been comparing notes. Their combined ages amount to nearly two centuries.

Hatfield House, Lord Salisbury's residence in the country, has been en fete for a grand entertainment at which the great Chinaman saw all that is latest in full dress, the bare necks being most truly startling to his Oriental imagination. He has been at a debate in the House of Commons, and the utterances of "Our Joe," the Right Hon. Mr. Chamberlain, interpreted for him into Chinese, have been listened to with the marked attention they deserve. Through this same interpreter Mr. Chamberlain and Li conversed. The wondrous raiment of Li Hung Chang, at the recent banquet in his honor, was much commented on. The silken robes, the decorations, all made him the observed of all observers.

The irrepressible Emperor William II. of Germany longs for a slice of American territory. He is at present engaged in negotiating the purchase from Denmark of the island of St. Thomas in the Antilles, close to Cuba. If the bargain is concluded, he will henceforth have a powerful pretext for carrying out his pet scheme—the augmentation of the German Navy. The United States can veto the proposed sale or cession of these islands by virtue of the Monroe Doctrine.

A vivacious sally of temper on the part of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway took place on Saturday at the railway station of Stoeren. Most of the persons assembled at the railway station took off their hats as the King passed. One old peasant, among many others of a similar frame of mind, neglected this act of courtesy, and kept on his hat. The King was enraged, and went to the old man, whose name is Ole Foste, whipped off his hat and threw it some distance away. The peasant, aroused to anger, threw himself toward the King to fight him, but he was held in the firm grip of the bystanders. At this untoward event those who still remained bareheaded quickly put on their hats, making many protesting comments.

Emperor William of Germany has accepted the resignation of General Bronsart, and has appointed his successor as Minister of War General von Gossler.

The Spanish Government at Madrid has ordered the building in England of a first-class iron-clad man-of-war and a cruiser.

At Sophia, Bulgaria, on Saturday the Belgian Cabinet resigned, placing its resignation in the hands of Prince Ferdinand. This looks formidable. There are whispers of another aspirant for the throne of Bulgaria.

An account has been received in Paris from the balloon travelers to the North Pole. A letter written by M. Andree and his companions, MM. Nils Ekholm and Strindberg, has reached its destination. It was written over the Danish island, July 15, and arrived at Tromsoe, Norway, on the 22d ult. The writers thus address their friends:

"We much appreciate the advice given us by our French friends, not to start before having the wind in our favor; but be tranquil, we know our temperaments, we will not allow ourselves to be tempted by a doubtful wind. As you know without doubt we hasten the construction of the shed near the house of Pike, on the northern side of the Danish isle. The horizon is clear between N. 25° and E. 40° (or 65°). Then we have toward the east the isles Vogel-Sang and Cloven-Cliff, which are not easily traversed; dragging guide-ropes. We have had some experience with guide-ropes in the sea. We can very easily avoid all dangerous rocks by employing the system of deviation by the sails of M. Andree." The departure of the expedition will be telegraphed from Hammerfest or Tromsoe.

Mgr. Sebastian Kneipp of Wœrishopfen, Bavaria, the physician and priest whose wondrous success in curing all manner of ailments by his celebrated water cure, has made a declaration in which he announces that he has given no authority to any commercial house, society or journal in America to represent him.

THE WEEK AT HOME.

Dispatches from the Northwest tell of devastating storms in that region. Central Iowa, in the vicinity of Des Moines, was swept by a wind and rainstorm which threw down telegraph wires, washed away railroads and caused great destruction. From Nebraska and several points in Ontario also come tidings of destructive windstorms and great damage, so that while in the East we are just recovering from a spell of unprecedented heat the opposite extreme prevails there. Although no loss of life has yet been reported, other losses are heavy, and, coming in the wake of previous storms, this last visitation has wrought ruin to the crops in that section.

Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, and his party landed in New York Saturday, August 15, and proceeded to Dobbs Ferry, where they are being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Villard. A suite of rooms at the Ardsley Casino has been placed at the disposal of the party.

Candidate W. J. Bryan is now resting after his recent effort in New York and preparing for work later in the campaign. After the notification at Madison Square Garden Mr. Bryan and his wife spent a few days with Mr. St. John and then went to Irvington where he was the guest of Mr. John Brisben Walker. While there the party visited "Sunnyside," Sleepy Hollow and various points of interest in the vicinity.

We are accustomed to hear the beer of America abused by critics who never tire of comparing it unfavorably with the beer of Germany and other European Continental countries. In view of this it is interesting to note the opinion of Dr. Henri von Laer of Belgium, who is director of the Brewing School of Ghent, and who with other experts recently visited this country to study features of our Government and of our material interests. "I was authorized," he says, "to visit America and make a thorough inspection of your breweries, which I have about accomplished. My trip has been satisfactory, and I have seen much in the great plants at St. Louis, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Buffalo and other cities that will be of great use to me in my work at home. The school of which I am director is supported by the Government, the province, the city and the brewing associations each defraying a part of the cost of its maintenance. Belgium takes the lead as the greatest beer-drinking country in the world. Though a little Government, its breweries turn out nearly eight million barrels of beer, and as that does not supply the demand, we have to import a quantity from Germany and England. It is the popular drink with us, as wine is in France, and our public houses keep open all night long to afford the people ample opportunity to slake their thirst. Maybe that is the reason we consume so much more per capita than the people of the United States. The Belgian breweries are taxed on the amount of malt used, and not by the barrel, as in this country, which I think is a somewhat better method." Dr. von Laer speaks highly of American beer. "It is for the most part made of wholesome material," he says, "and generally is better than the common beer of my country. I did not like the sort you produce when I first tried it, but though only a few weeks in the country I have grown excessively fond of it, and when I return home shall tell my people of its excellence."

The Republican campaign in Ohio was opened in Columbus Saturday, August 15. More than ten thousand were present at the meeting which was addressed by Senator Sherman, ex-Governor Foraker and General Stewart L. Woodford of New York. Governor Bushnell presided.

Baron Fava, the Italian Ambassador, has called at the State Department in Washington regarding the recent lynching of three Italians in Louisiana. Consul Papini of New Orleans asserts that the men were Italian subjects, in which case the Italian Government would be in a position to demand redress. Positive proof that the men were not naturalized has not yet been presented, so no action has yet been taken in the matter.

Counsel for Theodore Durrant, the San Francisco murderer, have decided to enter a plea of insanity should the Supreme Court, before which an appeal is now pending, decide against him. Durrant was convicted last fall of the murder of Blanche Lamont in Emmanuel Baptist Church.

Fritz Giese, who was at one time considered one of the most brilliant 'cellists in this country, died recently in Boston. Despite his ability he was seldom heard to advantage in recent years. He was born in Holland in 1859, and came to America twenty years later. In 1883 he joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra as first 'cellist, remaining with that organization until 1889.

Lieutenant Beacon, of the United States Army, stationed at Fort Snelling, has secured a six months' leave of absence and will go to Egypt where he expects to join the British Soudan expedition. He was attached to the Japanese headquarters during the Japanese-Chinese War.

From California comes the story of the solution of a mystery connected with the theft last year of a twelve thousand-dollar gold bar in Ensenada, Lower California. James Garrett, the thief, was surprised a short time ago while digging up the buried treasure, but, as he had already served fifteen months in prison for the theft, he could not be punished again. He revealed all the details of the robbery, which was accomplished through his great skill in working the combination of the safe in which the gold was deposited. The saddest feature of the crime is that Riveroll, the merchant who was held responsible for the loss of the treasure, was ruined, and his wife died from worry over the trouble. It was Riveroll, however, who put the detectives on Garrett's tracks, and thus recovered the gold.

It has been decided to locate the Democratic National Headquarters in Chicago, with a branch in Washington. The Campaign Committee has been partly made up, a sufficient number being appointed to carry on the work for the present. Senator Gorman declined a place on the Campaign Committee owing to the selection of Chicago for the National Headquarters. He could not be there and at the same time look after the interests of the ticket in his own State.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher was prostrated by the heat during the late severe spell and narrowly escaped death. For several days her condition was critical, but she has now almost recovered. Mrs. Beecher, although nearly eighty-four years old, is quite active, and the attack was brought on by over-exertion.

The most striking feature of a recent circular issued by the Wilcox & White Organ Company is an essay on "Orchestral Symphony" by Virginia R. Coxe. The essay was deemed the best of several hundred on the same topic, submitted by writers on musical subjects. Mrs. Coxe's name is doubtless familiar to the readers of the Weekly as the author of a number of short stories and sketches that have appeared in its pages.

Miss Mary Abigail Dodge, better known as "Gail Hamilton," died Monday, August 16, at her home in Wenham, Mass. Her death was caused by paralysis. Miss Dodge was born in Hamilton, Mass., in the year 1830. In her girlhood days she was known in the pretty New England town of Hamilton as Abby Dodge. When she began writing for the public she selected for her nom de plume the last syllable of her Christian name and the name of her birthplace. Afterward she was known to the American public as "Gail Hamilton." She was a cousin of Mrs. James G. Blaine, and through that relationship she became familiar with the public and private life of Mr. Blaine. Her life was one of constant work and worry. As far back as 1851, when she was but twenty-one years of age, she was instructor in the high school in Hartford, Conn. She stayed there several years. Then she went to Washington as governess in the family of Dr. Gamaliel Bailey; and, Dr. Bailey being an editor, it was the most natural thing in the world that this intellectual governess should drift into print, and she did. The paper was called the *National Era*, and it contained her earliest contributions. In 1865 she went to Boston and became one of the editors of *Our Young Folks*, a children's magazine. Ten years later she went back to Washington to live, and, with occasional journeys back and forth between Washington and Hamilton, the capital had been her home ever since. Her published works consist principally of collections of her fugutive writings.

Olin L. Warner, the sculptor, died Friday, August 14, from injuries received last month in a collision with a cab while he was riding his bicycle. Mr. Warner was a member of the Society of American Artists and an associate of the National Academy of Design, and belonged to the Fencers' and Century Clubs. His best-known works are the Union League Club's bust of ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, the well-known "Diana," and "The Fencing Nymph."

FROM AN ENGLISH VIEW-POINT.

It is perfectly proper, I presume, for us to feel a sort of proprietary interest in our public men, no matter in what calling they may have achieved fame. Whether it is or not we undoubtedly do feel such an interest and are always ready to listen to and anxious to know what our cousins across the water have to say about them. In view of this fact the following opinion of an American artist clipped from an English periodical is interesting. It is the London *Spectator's* criticism of Charles Dana Gibson's drawings. The *Spectator* says:

"Mr. Gibson is a clever draughtsman, who works for some of the American comic papers and monthlies. He has been described as the American Du Maurier, and the social sphere of his work roughly corresponds; but the artist, as a wit and creator of types, does not match our drawing-room satirist. It may be, too, that his material is not so rich in itself, with fewer divisions and oddities of rank and distinction. The Englishman seeking a rich American wife is a god-send; otherwise Mr. Gibson is apt to be driven back on a very general sort of satire in which the symbolic figure of Love figures. Some of his puzzle-pictures, however, are wittily conceived. His drawing is accomplished, but tends to a somewhat cast-iron mannerism."

THE BARON VON ZEDTWITZ KILLED.

A dispatch from London states that the races of the Royal Albert regatta, at Southsea, were interrupted by an accident which caused the death of Baron von Zedtwitz, the owner of the twenty-rater "Isolde," and endangered the lives of the captain and crew of that vessel, all of whom were knocked overboard. The "Isolde," which was sandwiched between two yachts of the larger class, received a severe blow from the "Meteor," causing her mast to snap in two and fall overboard. The shock was a heavy one, causing the "Isolde" to careen, and as she did so all on board of her were spilled into the sea.

Baron von Zedtwitz, the owner of the "Isolde," who was on board of his yacht, was struck on the head by a block or a piece of the broken mast and knocked overboard. He was taken out of the water as soon as possible and conveyed on board a steam yacht to the club house at Ryde. He was unconscious when picked up, and although he received every possible medical attendance at Ryde, he did not regain consciousness and died soon after reaching the club house.

The Baron was thirty-eight years old, and was a personal friend of Emperor William. It is a sad circumstance that his death was due to a collision with his Majesty's yacht. The Baron had been in the German diplomatic service, but was little known publicly.

IMPRESSIONS OF LI HUNG CHANG.

In view of the approaching visit of Li Hung Chang to this country a few words about this interesting personality will not be amiss. His chief characteristic, strange as it may seem, is tolerance. Living in a world of intrigue and constantly attacked, he never retaliates, nor does he bear malice even toward his own subordinates who, to his knowledge, are secretly undermining him. No one has ever heard of Li trying to injure anybody, though vindictiveness is a special Chinese trait. Above all things an opportunist, he is practical in everything and has no sympathy with the theorist or enthusiast. His memory is marvelous. Not knowing any foreign language, he is obliged to rely on interpreters in his interviews with foreigners, but the amount of varied information he has thus acquired is astonishing. As to the value of foreign professions of friendship, Li is under no illusions whatever. Many years ago he laid down a policy since adopted by both China and Japan: "Let us use foreigners, but do not let foreigners use us." Of his home life there is nothing unusual to record. Like most Chinamen, he is fond of his children, who are allowed to run about the *Yamen* as they choose, even when foreigners are present. The stories from Paris that he is such a pronounced gourmet are generally credited to the fertile imagination of the Parisian journalist, for in this respect he is like the majority of Chinamen, fond of a substantial meal but no special lover of delicacies.

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THE AFTERMATH.

"Now, my friends, where is the good in drinking?" exclaimed the temperance lecturer. And a voice from the rear of the hall replied: "Ain't none. The good comes arter it's drunk."

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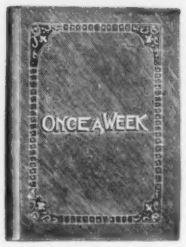

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